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If our friends who favor us with manuscrints t publication wish to have rejected articles returne they must in all cases send stamps for that purpose.

The Governor's Judicial Appoint-

The judicial appointments announced on Friday are indicative of the Govrnor's professional knowledge of the conditions affecting the administration justice throughout the State, and are in all respects worthy of approval.

Mr. EDWARD B. WHITNEY, who has en appointed to fill the vacancy on Supreme Court bench in this disrict created by the resignation of Judge HENRY A. GILDERSLEEVE, is a ocrat of Mugwumpian proclivities, and an able, aggressive and forceful lawyer who ought to make and probably will make a first rate Judge. The only langer is that he may try to reform the wen greater men have found it some-what difficult to accomplish. Although is advocacy at the bar has been conspicuous for its earnestness, we are in-clined to think that he will be able to ink the advocate in the Judge and will prove a most useful and satisfactory

The other judicial appointments by Governor HUGHES are readjustments of he membership of the various Appelte Divisions of the Supreme Court. in the New York Appellate Division the ding Justice, EDWARD PATTERSON. goes out of office at the end of the prest year in consequence of having ated the constitutional age limit. The ernor has designated Judge GEORGE INGRAHAM to succeed him. This was viously the right thing to do. The minance of personality is more ortant than any consideration growcout of seniority of service in the on of a presiding Judge. In any thering of men Judge Ingraham is sys a figure of force; and we do not in the least from the legal abilty of his associates when we say that is their natural leader. The Appelate Division here also sustains another State is transferred from the Brookyn Appellate Division, where he is now ng temporarily, to take the place Justice HOUGHTON of Saratoga, who goes to the Appellate Division at Albany. HOUGHTON will there relieve ALDEN CHESTER, who is sent back o service as a Trial Justice, not because strict, which comprises Albany and

e surrounding counties. In Brooklyn Judge WILLIAM J. CARR is Judge MILLER on the Appelate Division there; and if the departmeet was to lose Judge MILLER, no beter selection could have been made. ge CARR's long experience in the Corporation Counsel's office before he nt upon the bench gave him a knowlge of the special legislation relating to the city of New York which will prove of great value to him and to the court

The only other change is the designation of Judge Victor J. Dowling to the place vacated by Judge Houghton on the Appellate Division here. Judge DOWLING has made such an excellent record as a trial Judge that this promotion was expected by the bar and gives eral satisfaction. Judge PARDON C. TILLIAMS of Watertown is continued under Sir WILLIAM's direction. on the Appellate Division at Rochester until his term expires in 1911. He was originally elected in 1883 under a conthe election of twelve new Supreme Court Justices, allotted among the several judicial districts of the State. Of the twelve successful candidates only two still remain on the bench: Judge WILLIAMS and Judge WILLARD BART-LETT, now in the Court of Appeals.

Colonel Mosby's Raid on Football.

*Napoleon would have made a poor uarterback," says Colonel JOHN S. lossy of Virginia. We are not so sure of that. Young Mr. Pishon of Dartouth weighs 135 pounds and is a verstile quarterback, tough as a pine mot. The old leader of the Partisan ngers, now in his seventy-seventh year, has a poor opinion of American all as a game and as a moulder of manbood. "My idea of manbood," he says, "is a sense of honor and courage, and such qualities may exist in a weak True for him.

The Colonel declares that football st, the Eskimo who has not learned herself fleeing before the storm." he white man's vices and become brudesirable fierceness" and says that "the As readily could he who has domesticlaude of football do not want the game cated tiger cubs revert to the cult of

to fall to the level and deserve the fate of pugilism." The Colonel rejects with scorn the contention that college football "develops the manhood of youth, manly a game if Rugby or "Soccer" were substituted for it, and boxing in the gymnasium exercises the muscles of the body as thoroughly and is much more useful. To the dustheap with the tags that have been fastened on the game by canters and sophists. At the same time let it be reformed and not sent to Coventry. A game that is hundreds of years old, dating back to the Scotch Jameses and ruder Kings, is not going to die of hysteria. The rules committee sees its

duty and dares not shirk it. We may yet see a game of football that even Colonel MosBY will applaud, game composite of the American variety, Rugby and "Soccer," containing the virtues and attractions of each and characterized by the alertness, dash and vigor that distinguish a raid on a line of communications from a collision of massed men with bayonets.

Mesopotamia's Future.

The report of Sir WILLIAM WILLhy-COCKS, the distinguished English draulic engineer who designed Assuan dam in Egypt, to the new Turkish Government which sent him to find out what should be done in the delta of the Tigris and the Euphrates, is full of encouragement. He declares that a small expenditure of money will greatly increase the productivity of that fertile region and that an additional moderate outlay will add to its prosperity by providing a needed outlet to the markets

That land between the rivers, famed for its riches from the earliest antiquity known to us, was the seat of a world empire till Turkish neglect turned the garden into a desert. Babylonians, Medes, Persians, Greeks, Sassanids and Caliphs built their capitals where Euphrates and Tigris came close together around the decayed Baghdad that represents the city of HAROUN AL RASCHID are the ruins of the great towns the archmologists have made known to us again, Kufa, Nippur, Babylon, Ctesiphon, Seleucia, Sir WILLIAM proposes by dams and canals to turn the overflow of waters of both rivers into the Akkar Kuf lake, northwest of Baghdad, converting it into a reservoir, and to improve old river beds and build new canals to provide for the outflow. The cost is estimated at a little over £1,000,-000 for each river. The result within a few years would be the gain of three million acres of land capable of producing a million tons of wheat and two million hundredweight of cotton, with the prospect of redeeming six million acres in time.

More important, however, to his mind s the project to turn the stream of Ocean to the Mediterranean. The chief products of the land are sheep, cattle, liquorice, wheat, barley, dates and ricewe miss sesame in the list-and the best markets for these are in the West, from which must come too the imports that Mesopotamians desire. The irrigation schemes will impair the navigability of the river between Baghdad and Baschange. Judge NATHAN L. MILLER of sora, the old name we know. Sir WILLd, one of the best Judges in the IAM WILLCOCKS thinks it useless to spend money in improving the channels. He antiliterary means that mankind will proposes instead a railroad across the desert to Damascus and Haifa as the ever gains the field mankind will asseaport.

This railroad of 550 miles, he states £2,200,000. It would start from Baghdad, cross the Euphrates at Feluja and work as an Appellate Judge has not proceed to Hit, where the navigation is stopped by rapids, then across the desert are needed in the Third Judicial to El Kaim, also on the Euphrates, the northern limit of the Cataracts, there tapping fortile and navigable river systems. From El Kaim the road would strike west across the desert to Tadmor which is ZENOBIA'S Palmyra, and then to Damascus, or if a shorter route is preferred, to Homs, which is also on the Syrian railroad. This should be begun at once, and Sir WILLIAM counts on its being profitable immediately, even before the irrigation works are begun.

He reckons not only on freight but on passengers, for the Mohammedans will use the railroad to reach their holy places, and he looks also, unfortunately, for swarms of tourists who will be attracted to Baalbec, Palmyra, Babylon and the Arabian Nights country, likewise the Garden of Eden, which he assumes was in that famous delta. If they miss that they may at least see the new Eden which the reformed Turks will create

Some New Literary Varieties.

The infraliterary is always with us. stitutional amendment providing for To it belong the greater part of contributions to the magazines, all muckrakery, and without exception the books which are advertised as "big," "red blooded," "vital," "fearless," "auda-cious," and the like. Evolution may not be frustrated, and once the infraliterary becomes potent enough we have that far more noxious product the antiliterary. To distinguish it clearly from its innocuous progenitor is not always easy. An example, however, may set the investigator on the right track.

From the pages of a December maga zine we have captured at considerable personal inconvenience and peril a perfect specimen of the antiliterary, to which the reader's attention is invited. with the usual caution not to come too near the cage. Walk up and see this

maneating monster at play: " Across the sparkly, rose-reeking table a mar as notished as poison by was talking devotedly to a white-faced beauty in a most exciting gown moly develops the brute dormant in as a thunder cloud, zigzagged with silver, ray man nature and puts the player on a ished with rose-petals, rain-dropped with pearls. el with an Eskimo or a polar bear." Out of the gorgeous, mysterious confusion of it is rather hard on the Eskimo, at the beauty's bare shoulders leaped away like Eve

Since certain old fashioned naturalists ed by contact with him. We hold might hold that this was merely an exbrief for the polar bear. Colonel aggerated specimen of the infraliterary may be a trifle severe on the and not a new species, we feel bound to ded heroes of the "gridiron," yet the ask if a reader constantly provided with Alumni Weekly admits that the this kind of a show could ever content with Harvard "was marred by un- himself again with mere literature?

uple kittens. In short, if the breed see and multiplies it is all up with literature. If it survives at all it will be in some obscure manner of cold storand he is right. It would be just as age for the fastidious, after the fashion of Greek to-day.

The danger from the friends of one's bly literature is more in jeopardy from what we may call the supraliterary than it is from the ravening beasts of the magazine jungle. Let us recall the amount of mminent literature there is in the world, all the sermons, all the lectures, all those more intimate conferences before twilight—here are a few of the potentialities. And think that all this matter transcend mere letters. Here is not the perfunc tory and chill transaction between the brain and so much blank paper, but on the contrary the thrill of the human voice, often creating as it modulates the throb of human, nay feminine approbation, the warming prospect of congratulations with toast and tea. In these arcana thought and phrases are naturally struck out that may with difficulty be contained within the cramping conventions of the letter that killeth A wise instinct, then, leads the larger number of these seers to keep their oracles in the rarefied sphere of the supraliterary. Occasionally one is unhappily induced to condescend. The eguilement seems to be this: MATTHEW ARNOLD published his lectures, so did LOWELL, so does JULES LEMATTRE. Why not publish your delightful talks? So speaks the tempter's voice. But alas! hese were worldlings, and their utterances fit for prose. Not so the little book of essays from which we cull the follow ing interpretation of the last lines of EMERSON'S poem "The Sphinx":

" Under the dirges which the Sphinz sings, w hear soft strains of spirit music, of love and har mony, which are finally to reveal to us the mean ing of this discord. Primarily this discord lie deep in the nature of man, his aspirations striving against his limitations. This begets confid

' His soul seeks the perfect

Which his eyes seek in vain. Now the symphony passes to the oratori adagio-con-gravita movement, giving us clea easoning and answering our persistent why. In the fourth movement we are thrilled by grand song of triumph in crescendo-al-fortissim nouncing that 'Thou art the unanswered ques tion. Thou art the clothed eternity. The art the immortal one.' Humanity here rises t the level of its source, and the idea of the Divine uman leads naturally and logically to the ide of immortality. This is the synthesis of evolution and of thought.

" In the fifth and final movement the orchests bursts forth in a giulivissimo song of free, joyour apture, man finds his apotheosis, and is

So much for a perfect example o the supraliterary. It was mistaker modesty to imprison these ideas within the trammels of the printed page. More reading does no justice to the flavor Mesopotamian trade from the Indian of this sublimated argument. Man to find his apotheosis, or woman hers wants the serried camp chairs, while the complete attainment of the giulivissimo fervor requires the preparatory aroma of chocolate and angel cake.

Yes, let the professors and profes resses of the supraliterary decline to enter the sordid arena of workaday literature. In so hazarding they do an injustice to it and to themselves. We have said that the success of the read nothing else. If the supraliterary suredly read nothing at all.

of them from personal friends of Mr. him only by his work. Some of these communications analyze his character and his genius in its many sided activities and accomplishments. Some express a sense of personal loss. All are imbued with kindness. We thank the writers, since we may not publish their sentiments of friendship, of regret and

I have never heard of Dr. PARRHURST .- Mrs. This was the most unkindest cut of all.

TAPT's message not begun. -Yesterday's news The real difficulty will be to end it.

A Natural Inquiry. TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: In the article "A New Balkan Alliance" in to-day's Sun ap-pears the following sentence: "Precisely as Prench occupation four times

"Precisely as French occupation four times drove Italy in the first transport of wrath into the Triple Alliance, the Russian action in Bessarabla turned Rumania in a similar direction."

Would you mind telling me what France occupied "four times" that produced the Italian "transports of wrath" you mention? A FRENCHMAN.

NEW YORK. November 27.

We are not surprised at our friend's per plexity, which is occasioned by a typo-graphical error. The sentence should read,

Old New Orleans.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Siz: Allow me slight correction of the article "Boston in New Orleans," in which it is stated that John R. Grymes of the old New Orleans bar was a New Englander.
John Randolph Grymes (could a man bearing that name be classed among Bostonians?) was born in Orange, Va., in 1786. He died in New Orleans December 4, 1864.

I could add to your New England list of New Orleans Children was a lister with the died of New Orleans Children.

Orleans citizens many distinguished names. Let me mention but three: Alfred Hennen, the great civilian: the orator Seargent S. Prentiss, a native of Portland. Me., and Henry Adams

I could mention some names among the old merchants of New Orleans and the journalists too, but this correction as to the birthplace of Grymes must suffice.

By the way, you might allow me to say that in one of your articles on New Orleans, so redolent of the old traditions of the place, so rich, let me say, in unctuous memories, especially when you bring up the vanished days when victor Moreau, Bero, Mme. Eugene, were the amphictyons of the old town, you confound Mandeville Marigny with his father Bernard. It was the latter who entertained the citizen king who, when as a scion of the House of Orleans and a refugee he sought asylum in New Orleans, became the teacher of mathematics of Mandeville; and, by the way, when Louis Phillippe became King of the French he allowed Mandeville Marigny, though a foreigner, to matriculate at St. Cyr. E. L. MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, Emmitsburg, Md.,

TO THE EL TOR OF THE SUN-Sir: Mighta't in gloriously solve a most vexing problem "in our midst" if Professor Lowell would determine for us the type of lock preferentially in operation on

MUSEUMS OF BRUSSELS. Considering its size and significance. Brussels has more than its share ns. At the beginning of the Rue de la Régence, near the Place Royale. stands the imposing Royal Museum of old paintings and sculpture. The museum

adjoins the National Library, which is said to harbor over 600,000 volumes paint and character.
"The Old Lady Dreaming," by N. Maes n the gallery of old art the effect of the sculptors' hall, which is in the centre and utilizes the entire height of the building, is noble. The best sculpture therein is by Rodin and Meunier the remainder is generally academic o simply bad. Rodin's "Thinker" in bronze the trait of this gross painter. is a repetition of the original. After the wreathed prettiness of the conventions chool-neither Greek nor Gothic-and the writhing diablerie of Rodin imitator the simplicity and directness of Constantin dote is writ large across the Meunier is refreshing. He was a man and you don't have to run to read. whose imagination became inflamed at the sight of suffering and injustice. He is closer to Millet than to his friend Rodin but he lacks the sweetness and strength of Millet. Selecting the Belgian workman-the miner, the hewer of wood and drawer of water, the proletarian, in a Goya and a Ribera downstairs. French art is not enlivening. word-for his themes, Meunier observed closely and reproduced his vision in terms Philip Champagne's self-portrait of rugged beauty. The sentiment is vidently socialistic. Like Prince Kropot

familiar: it has been reproduced frequently. Jean Baptiste Huvemans. in and the brothers Réclus, the Belgian adscape with animals; he is said to be an sculptor revolts against the cruelty of ancestor of the late Joris Karel Huysmans The Mors (Antonio Moro) are of value But the lodestone of the collection is the ocket of coal; men naked to the waist

That he is "literary" at times may not be denied, but power he has. The early Flemish school of the fifteent century is strongly represented in several of the galleries upstairs. And Roger de a Pasture, otherwise known as Roger van der Weyden, is shown in five piets and at his best. The "Chevalier with the Arrow," a bust portrait, will be familiar seum, where a copy hangs. The robe is black, the hat, conical, is brown the background blue-green. The silhouette is vigorously modelled, the expression one of dignity, the glance penetrating, severe What characterization! "The Christ" is a small panel surpassingly rich in color and charged with profound nity. The body lies in the arms of the Mother, Magdalen and John on either side. The sun setting. The subject was a favorite of Weyden; there is a triptych in Berlin and a panel at The Hague. This Brussel cicture has evidently been shorn of its wings. There are replicas of the "Virgin and Child" (No. 650 in this catalogue) at Berlin, Cassel and Frankfort, also in the recently dispersed collection of Ruc

man to man. He shows us the mine

crouched in a pitiful manner finding

their torsos bulging with muscles, the small heads on bull necks, are puddlers

other groups patiently haul heavy carts— labor not in its heroic aspect, but as it is

detail is not missing. Hubert and Jan Van Eyok's "Adam and Eve" are the wings (volets) from the grand composition in the Cathedral of St. Bavo, Ghent. They are gigantic fig. ures, nude, neither graceful nor attractive, but painted magnificently. These portraits (they don't look as if they had been painted in paradise) of our first parents rather favor the evolutionary theory of development. Eve is unlovely, her limbe lanky, her bust mediæval, her flanks Flemish. In her right hand sh holds the fatal apple. Adam's head is full of character: it is Christ-like: his torse ugly, his legs wooden. Yet how superio o the copies which are now attack the original picture at Ghent. There the figures are clothed, clumsy and meaning

Kann. Another striking tableau is the

head of a woman who weeps. The minute

Dierick Boute's "Justice of Empero Otho III." is a striking picture. The sul ject has that touch of repulsive cruelt which was a sign of the times. Han Memting's "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian is another treasure; with his portraits of de Vlandenberg making an immortal quarof them from personal friends of Mr. tet. The head of the man is the favor LAPPAN, more from those who knew ite in reproduction. Morel is portrayed sion rapt. A landscape is seen at the back.
"The Virgin Surrounded by Virgins," by an unknown master of the fifteenth century (school of Bruges) is one of the most amazing pictures in the collection. It has a nuance of the Byzantine and of the hieratic, but the portraits are enchanting in their crystalline quality. Quentin Matsys's "Legend of St. Anne" is much admired, though for sincerity we prefer "The Passion" of the Master of Oultremont. Gerard David's "Adoration of the Magi" is no longer attributed to him. It was always in doubt: now the name has been It is not the first time Dr. Cook has removed, though the picture has much of his mellowness. "Dr. Scheuring," the old man with the shaved upper lip, beard, and hair over his forehead, by Lucas Cranach and Jean Gossart's "Chevalier of the Golde Fleece," are masterly portraits. Van Cleve Van Orlay, Key-perhaps a portrait of the Coello's "Marie of Austria," are among the sterling specimens in this gallery. We need not expect to find duplicated imposing example is the "Adoration of the Magi." while his portraits of the Archduke Albert and his Archduchess. Isabella, are perhaps the best extant. 'The Calvary' is a splendid canvas, full of movement and containing several mbers of the well known Rubens fam ily. Such devotion is touching. You find yourself looking for Isabella Brandt Helena Fourment among the angels that hover in the sky above the martyred St. Lieven. The four negro heads, the "Woman Taken in Adultery," a Susanna (less concerned about her predicament

ous and powerful portrait of Theophras-tus Paracelsus (Browning's incomprehensible hero) with a dozen others, make a goodly showing for the Antwerp master. Otho Vænius (Octave Van Veen), one of the teachers of Rubens, is hung here. There are nearly a dozen Van Dycks, of prime quality all. The "Crucifixion the portrait of an unknown gentleme aring a huge ruff, and the winning portrait of a French sculptor (on a stand) give you an excellent notion of his range,

The portrait of an old man by Rem brandt is beginning to fade, but that of an old woman is a superior Rembrandt. mens; one, a portrait of Willem van Heythusen, is a small picture, the figure sitting, the legs crossed (booted and spurred) and the figure leaning lazily back. On his head a black felt hat, with a broad upturned brim. The expression of the bearded man is serious. The only Jan Vermeer is one of the best portraits by that singularly gifted painter we recall. It is called "The Man with the Hat." Dr. Bredins in 1905 considered the picture as by Jean Yictor, but it has been pronounced Vermeer by equal authorities. It was once a part of the collection of Humphry Ward. The man sits, his hand

the back of a chair. He faces the spectator, on his head a long pointed the eyes. These are rather melancholy inexpressive; the flesh tints are anemic ost morbid. We are far away from Letter." There is something disquieting in this portrait, but it is a masterpiece of

and the Jan Steen ("The Operator") are good though not remarkable examples Jacob Jordaenses flood the various galler es: Rubens run to seed as far as quality yet exhibiting enormous muscularity, is King Drinks"-his kings are always drinking or blind drunk-his nudes, which look like the contents of the butcher shops in Brussels, attract throngs, for the oramas would be a better title for these robust compositions. David Teniers's "La Kermesse" is the most important work he ever finished. It is in good pres ervation. Amsterdam has not its equal There is an ordinary El Greco, a poor

The Musée Wiertz is hardly worth visit ing. When Wiertz is not morbid and re-pulsive he is of the vasty inane, a man of genius gone daft, obsessed by the mighty shades of Rubens and Michael Angelo. Wiertz was born in 1806 and died in 1866 The Belgian Government, in order to make some sort of reparation for its neglec of the painter during his troubled and unhappy lifetime, acquired his country ence and made it a repository of his art. The pictures are of a scale truly heroic. The painter pitted himsel against Rubens and Michael Angelo. He said: "I too am a great painter!" there is no denying his power.

tones recall the pate of Rubens without its warmth and splendor. When Wiertz was content to keep within bounds his portraits and feminine nudes are not vithout beauty. He was fanciful rather than poetic, and the picture of Nap in hell enduring the reproaches of his victims (why should they be there?) is startling. Startling, too, are tricks played on your nerves by the peepholes. You see a woman by hunger about to cook one of her nurdered children; beheaded men, men crushed by superior power, the harnesse the companions of Ulysses, and other nonstrous conceptions, are all painted with reference to the ills of the poor. If his executive ability had been on a par with his ideas, and if those ideas had bee ess extravagant, the world would have had one more great painter; but his nerrous system was flawed and he died a melancholic, a victim to misplaced ideals. He wished to revive the heroid age at a time of easel pictures. He, the nalf genius, saw himself outwitted by the leek paint of Alfred Stevens. Born out of his due time, a dreamer of dreams, Wiertz a portraitist of pretty women—is a sad example of the futility of looking

The Museum of Decorative and Infustrial Arts and Musée Scolaire Naional should be visited; also the Musée unal. We were quite content with BRUSSELS, November 14.

THE POLITICAL STRUGGLE IN ENGLAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: The colitical struggle in England, now brought world generally and for the people of the inited States in particular than, from the character of the immediate provement of communication, which has increased the intercourse of nations, the world is becoming politically one. The Russian revolution, had it succeeded, would have spread. The revolutionary lements everywhere are showing the sympathy and connection in the case of

The budget is not merely a fiscal impost. It is a blow struck by radicalism and socialism or semi-socialism at the aristocraticolass, to which the land owners in general belong. This appears clearly in the speeches of Lloyd-George and Winston Churchill, who, I am told, are supposed to be planning a separate party

Even if the Lords were all that Lloyd-George believes them to be they could hardly be blamed for refusing to pass, under a fiscal cover, a bill for their own estruction. It must be allowed that they are warranted in demanding an appeal to the country. What the results of the appeal will be my best informants the Rubens of Antwerp. The most do not undertake to say. Too much, I

duced by Mr. Chamberlain, as is surnised, to cover his Boer war, the waste of money in which is in large measure the immediate cause of the financial crisis and what has ensued.

The party system of government is are half a dozen sections, each playing its own game. Had suffragettism not been crazed it might, by vending its support everywhere in the coming election, have played an important part.

Am I mistaken in thinking that the breakdown of party as a foundation for government is almost as visible in the United States as it is in England? You, however, are in some measure held together by a real headship of the State in the person of the President, to whose part; though the nation is still monarchi-cal in sentiment and, I have little doubt if the King were fairly called into action. would stand by him. A large majority

Englishmen who are just leaving this world cannot help feeling like the Scotchman who is said on his deathbed to have esought his minister to pray for him that he might live a few days longer. and on being asked his special reason replied that he wanted just to see what would come to O'Connell. I'doubt whether at this moment the most clear sighted of English politicians know what is coming to England. GOLDWIN SMITH

TORONTO, Canada, November 26

A Sailor's Thrifty Wife.

FRANZ LISZT IN ROME.

ROME, Oct. 22. To-day is Liest's ninetyeighth birthday. I shall keep it as an old
woman ought to keep it, living over the
past. From my garden comes the scent
living and wakes the memory of

He fasted very strict; and in far of late roses and wakes the memory of three roses which for many years on this three roses which for many years on this day I was privileged to lay at the feet of atthough from time to rime he knew how to appreciate a good dinner, and in fine com-St. Elizabeth in the corner behind the piano. He used to smile pleasantly as I did it and he and I liked best of all, sacred pieces from his oratorios and legends,"The Miracle of the Roses," the "Death of St. Flizabeth,"
"The Cantica del Sole." I came to Rome in the autimn of 1865

ello di Cristo, " and he initiated me into t true ideal Franciscenism by reading to The "Floretti di San Francesco d'Assisi" a girl of 18, fresh from the hands of my dear and revered teacher Clara Schumann. Rome then was even more than it is now a musical desert. The one wonderful oasis in it was Liest's stay there. He had attracted young itoman artists to him, taught some of them himself and sent others time he had me play Schumann's F minor sonata, and right as I began it I was im-Germany; for instance, Ettore Pinell pressed by his strange and pregnant marks. Of the heavy bass he said "Th who subsequently became a mind of Joachia Pinelli, their uncle Ramarciotti, Raunkilde the Dane, and Liszt's favorite pupil Gio-vanni Sgambati began at his suggestion to give classical concerts in a dark little hall in the Via della Frezza, between the Corso and the Ripetta.

At the first of these concerts a few days

after my arrival I first saw Franz Liszt.

I was bappy to see him at a distance and never dreamed of becoming acquainted with him. I was content to listen to him. I was then surprised that at this our first meeting he asked to be presented to me. My blushes and my shynes must have touched his good nature, for he was very kind toward me, spoke of my training unde Clara Schumann, whom he much admired and told me that he was dining next eve ning with one of my countrywomen, Countess Alexandrine Bobrinsky, and sho spite of my great joy I could have sunk into wished to hear me play there. An hour afterward came the invitation from the Countess, which I was only too happy accept. Liszt was charming, witty and amiable at table, but I felt somewhat disillusioned now that my altar piece could be closely examined. This feeling gave me courage. I played several of Schumann's pieces and Liszt praised me like a father. Then he sat down at the piane and impro-

vised—yes, he improvised.

These little dinners at the Bobrinskys' came oser and closer together and became a regular habit. The second time Liszt brought a score written by himself and wanted me to play it with him as a duet. "Need teaches prayer." The proverb proved true: prayer helped and the thing went. Thereupon I become his "charge cellbare."

A few weeks later our circle was enlarged of our greatest Russian poets, whose plays the Wednesday lessons were, I was heartily was exceptionally clever and amiable, and I never knew any one who could attract alities, artists, poets, scholars, statesmen diplomats or just lovable fellow creature Her niece was my age and we became in-separable friends. The Tolstoys had known Liszt at Weimer and now began a really jolly life. We assembled almost every day Tre Canelle, near Trajan's Forum. Liszt was always the centre. If the weather was fine we had breakfast in the garden among the camellias. Gregorovius, Kunc Fischer, Wolfgang Helbig, the Secretary o the Legation Kurz von Schlözer, the Bo-brinskys, Prince Grégoire Gagarin, director of the Academy of Fine Arts at St. Peters burg; the painters Corrodi, De Sanctis, Bot-kine and Postnikoff; Hébert, director of the French Academy at Villa Medici, were always welcome guests. Liszt, however, wa

To me he was always touchingly good He was stimulating, considerate. The resi himself in when the young sirls were there and was not half so amusing as when we were out of hearing. He always asked me what I wanted him to play and spoiled me is every conceivable way, but he always stimulated me to earnest study.

Thenadays Schumann's works were quite unknown in Rome, and Liszt asked me to receive some of his pupils in my study once a week and play to them the pieces I had learned under Clara Schumann. He, howlearned under Clara Schumann. He, how-ever, never paid me a single visit. I think among the best treasures of humanity, and aunts with whom I was living. He was then-living on Monte Mario, near the Church of Sant' Onofrio, whence a legend arose that he lodged in Torquato Tasso's rooms near Sant' Onofrio on the Janiculum. In November, 1996, I came again to Rome.

Many things had altered. Liszt had be come an abbé and had taken up his quar come an abbe and had taken up his quar-ters at Santa Francesca Romans on the Forum. I had fallen in love and had mar-ried Wolfgang Helbig. We lived very proud on the Capitoline in the dear old Cass Tarpeia. A pretty and shady line of acacias led from the foot of the Capitol to Liszt's house. We were his nearest neighbors. Liszt too was the first visitor we had, and from now on he looked after me and mine like a father. My husband being secretary of the Archwological Institute secretary of the Archmological Institute, we had to hold receptions, and we determined to keep open house every other Monday evening. This sort of life has always been boredom to me; I was without experience, without talent as a housewife, and besides the surroundings were strange to me. That year Liezt did not go into society, but he came to our house and at my first reception found me in a pitiable state of embarrassment and helplessness. He saw that I was frightened of my guests, who for the most part were strangers to me and had come in great numbers out of curiosity. of curiosity.
Without waiting to be asked Liszt went

cannot help thinking, has been made of the Bermondsey election.

The situation is further complicated by the intrusion of protectionism, intro
Without waiting to be asked Liszt went to the plane and played for a long time, played pieces just to my guests' taste, brilliant and easy to understand, finishing up with what he used to call his "Backhandl," some charming walzes of Schubert from the "Soirées de Vienne," adding always some pretty and amusing variations. In this way he gave me my "position in society," though in listening to him I fear I forgot both position and society. His kind care went even further. For my sec-The party system of government is kind care went even turner. The party system of government is kind care went even turner is kind c "Toy Symphony." He trained us in the plees quite conscientiously. He played the planot, I the nightingale; my quite unmusical spouse was very efficient with the drum, while the rattle, quall, cuckoo, bells, &c., were rendered by the ragazzi, that is the young archæologists, philologists and epigraphists of the school. If anybody did not keep time he was mercilessly dismissed. The performance was excellent Liest played his part with great seriousness At one of the many rehearsals Albert von Zhhn, one of our youngsters, dared to criticise the tempo. Liszt was tickled at this nalve impudence, but yielded, and Von Zahn was mightily proud of it till his death a few years afterward. Liszt did not like young children and never pretended to like them; but we can never forget that in January, 1868, he blessed my

> arm to the piano and pressed her fingers on the keys. Then depositing safely his precious burden he played to us and to the child—so softly, tenderly, dreamily! He was always fond of my daughter. During the last years, when his bad eight prevented him from walking alone, he was glad to have the pretty growing girl lead him, and he even dedicated a violin prelude to her when she was learning that instrument. When in October, 1809, he came again to flome he found me absorbed entirely by the cares and joys of motherhood; my music had retired into the background. He took me seriously to task and said that he should deem it unpardonable in him if he allowed me, like most young women, to leave my music, and he would invite me to take lessons under him and to start serious study again.
>
> Every Wednesday his acholars assembled is his rooms and he aid them play in turn.

ingenieus criticisms. Often he would sit dewn and show how he wanted the piece played. At first he did not wish me to join in these general lessons and invited he to come at noon Fridays. We had breakfast man of the world. All the more Spartar or rather all the more Franciscan, was est raw finocchi and carrots-his favorii talk of his St. Francis of Assist, the "rover

After lunch came the lesson. The first

telling me tales from it.

how strong the arches must be that are support this magnificent melody." He walked up and down, smoking his horrible strong Tuscan cigurs, or he would sit down at his desk in the next room: but he always listened attentively, lost no shade of the in-terpretation, praised what was to be praised had the pupil repeat a piece and followed her every interpretation and insisted on her forgetting the whole world, herself included One piece followed another, newly arrived music had to be read, and he would play himself, either alone or in duets with me. In this way I learned most of his composi-tions, and he was specially pleased when I played his own sacred music to him, his "Harmonies poétiques of religieuses," and many things from the "Années de pélerinage." Later I played with mm an me some phonic poems, arranged for two planes, and even pleces from his "San Stanislaus." female. At that time they Zilda Perini and Signora Mazza. In later years they were mostly fereigners: Georg Leitert of Dresden, Affred Reisennuer of Königsberg, Olga Janina, Anna Mehlig, Emma Mettler, Dora Petersen, Lina Schmalhausen, Johanna Wenzel, Zarembsky, Ansorge, Friedheim, Pinner, Pohlig, Bertrant Roth, Emil Sauer, Stavenhagen, Straduland many others. He listened to sill of them patiently, but when a newcomer ar-

lent conservatories and professional teach ers. of whom he was not one. Still, however interesting and instructive glad when he invited me to continue my Friday visits and I noticed that I was oc-casionally belpful to him. Of late I have been living much as he lived, removed from the rest of the world, on the Janiculum, in the beautiful but quite inconvenient Villa Lante, and I can appreciate why Liszt pre-ferred to live at Santa Francesca Romana. First, he had a beautiful view, and secondly he had no neighbors and therefore no planes near him, and the distance and want of communication gave him the quiet he

His rooms were very simple. They wer milt on to the west side of the church and onsisted of a suite of rooms all looking the Palatine. A few steps brought you to the antercom, which was quite unfurnished, then came his dining room, also unfurnished, table; and then his reception from, the walls papered in a horrible brown with a design of hig flowers. On each of the long sides was a sofa and some uphoistered chairs; against the end was his plane and behind it in the corner a statuette of Eliza-beth of Hungary. The piano had been sent him from America by Chickering; under his fingers it sounded heavenly, but none of uncared to play on it. for in a short time its keys became uncannily irregular and every day played new tricks. We all remember how on certain days the middle remember how on certain days to B had to be carefully "got around" the black keys obstinately refused to come up again. Next to the reception room was his study, where at the table near the winraising the soul out of the oppression and sorrow of this world and opening to it new horizons of consolation and blessedness. On the walls were two large and beautiful drawings by Gustav Doré, illustrations to Lisst's "Two Legends": St. Francis of Paula walking on the waves, and St. Francis of Assisi blessing the birds. Next the study came the bedroom, strictly Franciscan in its simplicity.

study came the bedroom, strictly Franciscan in its simplicity.

Liszt's servant Miszka was his compapatriot, a good fellow, devoted heart and soul to his master and understanding his every mood. Italian matchboxes used then to be adorned with very improper pictures. I remember Liszt handing Miszka a few soldi and saying, "Rien que des monuments." He understood the hint and brought home the Temple of Vesta, Piazza of St. Peter's, Castle of St. Angelo, all most respectable. It was this Miszka who years afterward saved his master's life in Budapest when a mad woman rushed into his study and fired at him. His death was a great loss to Liszt. at him. His death was a great loss to Liszt. The winter of 1869-70 was as exhausting

The winter of 1869-70 was as exhausting as it was interesting. The Ecumenical Council had brought many spiritual districts and their suites to Rome. On Fridays Liszt's salon could hardly contain his guests. Cardinals were there and prelates, among them the elegant Haynald, Bishop of Kalocsa; the powerful Strossmayer, Bishop of Diakovar: Simor, Archbishop of Besprius, Primate of Hungary, and many others. Lisst was amusing, and generally very humorous. He asserted that one of these elerical gentlemen—I forget now which—liked only one piece of music, "La Violetta," by H. Herz. He played him the wand charming variations. Many ladies also visited him at this time, mostly those who thought it their duty to see that the who thought it their duty to see that the council went on all night. Liszt called them

in diplomatic circles as well as in the there exclusive salons of the Roman aristocracy angelo, Duke of Sermoneta, the most con-siderable, the ablest and the most learned Roman of his time. His son Don Onorate, Prince of Teano, and his charming and beautiful young wife, Donna Ada, had brought a ray of sunshihe into the dismal palace. Both father and son revered the master, who was godfather to the little Rollredo, who now is a great musician, though none of his five brothers or sisters has shown even the slight-est inclination in that direction. The old Duke, in spite of his blindness, used to de-liver wonderfully interesting lectures on liver wonderfully interesting lectures on Dante's "Divina Commedia," the Marquis Francesco Nobili Vitalleschi reciting the text by heart. It was these lectures on Dante which stirred Liszt to write his "Dante which stirred Liszt to write his "Dante Symphony," the most magnificent of his compositions. I shall never forget the first performance of this work at the opening of the hall behind the Fontana Trevi, which since has retained the name "Sala Dante." since has retained the name "Sala Danie. This was the first concert of our orchestral society which had arisen under Liszt's auspices and with Ettore Pinelli as conductor gave us for many years opportunity to hear and enjoy music, old and new.

As I write old recollections crowd upon me. I remember the Sunday afternoons at the Minghetti's, in the beautiful and charmingly furnished salon of our dear Donna Laura Minghetti, who, ever young, witty and amiable, understood how to bring strangers and friends together. At that time she sang delightfully. Tosti was then in his prime and brought her his first glad young songs. Liszt was much taken with them, had Donna Laura and Tosti sing them over and over again, always delighting in them and also in the playing of Donna Laura's beautiful and attractive daughter the Counters Marie Donhof, now wife of the German ex-Chancellers.